

Change by maxies

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Eddie Lives, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Neibolt AU, Neibolt Eddie, Neibolt Richie, Neibolt Stan - Freeform, Rated T for Trashmouth, all of the neibolt kids will be here eventually, richie and eddie love eachother, this is mostly richie and eddie centric

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-12-02

Updated: 2019-12-02

Packaged: 2019-12-18 04:47:27

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,184

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

The Losers have to return to Neibolt, and if something doesn't change, they won't come out the same.

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Author's Note:

tw for emetophobia this chapter if anyone needs it

Richie twirled his finger around the phone cord, bouncing his leg absentmindedly. “I swear, the rest of the Losers are going to be having nightmares for weeks. Bill almost pissed his fucking pants in there, I swear.”

He heard Eddie’s breath over the phone. He sounded anxious; his mom likely wouldn’t approve of them talking. Not after today. “What’d you even see in there?”

Richie raised an eyebrow at this. “What do you mean, Eds?” Eddie sighed loudly, and Richie let out a chuckle.

“I told you not to call me that. And you know what I mean. We all saw stuff in there, right?” The line went silent for a moment. Richie’s grip on the phone tightened. “What did you see, Richie?”

I saw you, he wanted to say. I saw you and I almost pissed my pants. I saw you, sickly and dead-looking. Something that so obviously wasn’t you wearing your skin like a puppet. It wasn’t trying to scare Bill, it was trying to scare me. And it sure worked, huh, Richie? It knows your weak point, It knows your dirty little secret, and so does Eddie-

“Just some clowns,” Richie forced out. “Some dumb clowns.”

“...Oh.” Richie could hear the disbelief in Eddie’s voice.

“Richie.” Richie’s eyes went in and out of focus, feeling a warm hand on his arm. “Rich, wake up, dude.”

Richie shifted in his bed. For just a moment, he wasn’t in the Derry Townhouse. He was in a nice, comfy bed in an apartment. The hand on his arm was his manager, and there was no killer clown to worry

about. Just his next show that would probably get incredibly average reviews. That was all he ever had to worry about, wasn't it? "Mmm," He covered his eyes with his hand, trying to get back to sleep. "Just five more minutes, man...."

"Oh my god." The nameless hand gave him a shove, and Richie snorted, waking up almost instantly with a groan. "Richie, it's me, Eddie. Get up."

"Oh, shit." How did he not notice? Eddie stood over him, a look of concern on his face. The lines and curves of his body seemed a little out of focus, but this was definitely Eddie. "What fucking time is it, Spaghetti?" Eddie groaned, getting a sleepy laugh out of Richie.

"Listen, jackass, the time doesn't matter." Eddie's grip on his arm tightened. "I... I know your secret, Rich." A blush spread across Eddie's face, while Richie's face drained of color.

"...What?" Richie was speechless. His mind flooded; *your dirty little secret, Richie, he knows, and soon everyone will know, all of the Losers and all of Derry and all of the world and they'll all laugh harder than they've ever laughed at any of your stupid jokes, any of your stupid Voices, the fun's just beginning Richie, your dirty, dirty little secret-*

"I know," Eddie's hand crept up Richie's arm, feeling every hair, every pore. "I know you like me, Richie. And I like you, too." Richie's breath hitched in his throat. "I like you a lot, Rich."

Without hesitation, Richie pressed his lips to Eddie's, relishing the way Eddie's hands dug into him, the way he felt, the fact that Eddie actually *loved* him. It was perfect, it was just as Richie always imagined it would be. Suddenly, Eddie's body began to tremble, and Richie pulled away immediately. "E-Everything alright, Eddie? We can stop, if you-"

All too late, Richie realized this wasn't Eddie. Of course, of course it wasn't. His eyes were sunken in, his skin dry and cold. A wicked grin spread across Not-Eddie's face, and a black sludge dripped down his chin. "You're so silly, Rich. So funny." His voice was scratchy, a gurgle under each of his words. His speech drawled out, sending a chill down Richie's spine. "You haven't changed a bit, have you? I've

been waiting for you for soooo long, Rich.” The Not-Eddie thing coughed, spilling the horrible black sludge all over Richie, who broke himself out of his shocked trance. He clenched his eyes shut.

“It’s not real,” Richie whispered to himself. “Not real, not real, not real, *not fucking real, not real not real not real not real*. ” He opened his eyes hesitantly. The room was empty. Sure, there was still a metric fuckton of black goop all over him, but that thing was gone. He let out a shaky sigh, lifting himself up from his bed. He walked himself to the bathroom, hands trembling. In the mirror stood slightly above average comedian Richard Tozier, covered in Eddie Murder Clown Sludge. He made his way to the shower, turning it on; boiling hot, just how he liked it. He hoped the murderclown sludge wouldn’t have some kind of chemical reaction to the water; dying naked in a shower covered in black mystery slime wasn’t on his agenda for today. He ran the water through his hair, scrubbing his face and arms, trying to get everything off. When he was satisfied, he stepped out, grabbing a towel and taking one last look at himself in the mirror.

He looked tired. That was to be expected, of course. Some weird clone of his best friend just tried to make out with him then puked ectoplasm all over him. He wasn’t having the greatest night. He’d definitely have to use this one in his next stand up act. Emotionally, he was tired, too. He was exhausted. He knew he’d be returning to Neibolt soon, along with the rest of the losers. Along with Eddie. Even after 27 years, he hadn’t learned how to deal with his emotions. On top of that, It was teasing him. It knew. Richie shook his head, not wanting to let himself get too wrapped up in his thoughts.

“What a fucking night,” he said to no one in particular. Richie plopped onto his bed, laying awake. He doubted he’d be sleeping anytime soon. After laying awake for a few brief moments, he heard knocking on his door. *Great*, he thought, *the Eddie demon’s back. Wonder what he’s gonna barf on me this time.*

Richie opened the door, and thank God, it wasn’t weird zombie demon Eddie. Bev stood in the doorway, looking equally as tired as him. Richie felt bad for her, ever since they returned. The Deadlights or whatever the fuck Bill called them stuck with her. He didn’t imagine that was exactly fun. “Heya, Bev. What’s up?”

Bev looked at Richie; her face held genuine concern and fear. "Richie," she began, her tone solemn. "We need to talk. I've been having dreams... a-about Neibolt."

Richie raised an eyebrow. "I'm more than willing to let you rant to me, but I'm probably not the best guy to go to about this. I'm just some washed up ol' comedian, Mike probably knows more than I do right now.."

"A lot of these dreams concern *you* , Richie." Fear spread through Richie's bones.

"Oh." Richie began to tremble again. *No time for ol' Trashmouth to recover, eh, Pennywise*, he thought to himself. "Uhhh, well. Come in."

Author's Note:

ive had this au in mind for a while now, thank you so much for reading! ill try to update this as frequently as possible